

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home ;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met elsewhere.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home.

I gaze on the moon as I trace the drear wild,
And feel that my parent now thinks of her child ;
She looks on that moon from our own cottage door,
Through woodbines whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.

Home, home, sweet, sweet, home,
There's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again ;
The birds singing gayly—that came at my call—
Give me them, with peace of mind, dearer than all.

Home, home, sweet, sweet, home,
There's no place like home.

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